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THE AMBUSCADE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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It befell that in the first scuffle that occurred between the Federals and Confederates somewhere in the neighborhood of Jonesboro, when Sherman was preparing to swing loose from his base at Atlanta, Jack Kilpatrick, commanding a squad of sharpshooters, who seriously wounded. It was all his own fault, too. He was acting outside his regular duties. Some excited Colonel called for a courier to send an unnecessary message to some imaginary regiment. Kilpatrick, seeing no courier at hand, rode forward and offered his services.

Mounted on his black steed, he made it a point to express himself. He couldn't help it for the life of him. It was in his blood. So, instead of going to the rear, he galloped out between the lines. A big Irishman on the Federal side, whose name was O'Halloran, leveled his rifle at the horseman. Then he lifted his eyes from the sights and took another look at the venturesome rider.

"By the young Jasnay, or Ol'm a say-guel," he exclaimed. Then he drew a long breath. "Ol was in war ol teichin' the tryyne."

But there were other marksmen farther up the line who were not wise in such matters. (There was a rattling fire of musketry. Flinn, Kilpatrick's body servant, saw his young master reel in the saddle as the reins dropped from his hands. Flinn spurred his horse to the point of danger—where the bullets were falling thickest—and caught Kilpatrick before he could fall to the ground.

Kilpatrick had taken many chances before, and escaped unwounded, but this time a rebel sharpshooter had succeeded in entering either the left or right ventricle of the auricular bones under his chin. He was promptly carried to the rear by Flinn, followed by Pinto, leading the black mare. A surgeon dressed the wound and said that as near as it was a pity the young man couldn't be spared, considering the fact that he showed a capital command.

"I'll kix ryar 'm hone, sah" said Pinto, "'m'ry so mighty fer to have my young marster live at."

"How far?" asked the surgeon.

"In de neighborhood er forty mile, sah," replied Pinto.

The surgeon shook his head.

"He can't ride horseback. But he'll die if he's left here."

"I was tryin' off fer ter borry a buggy somew'ers," remarked Pinto.

The surgeon considered the matter.

"I'll go with you," he said finally, "and do what I can. If I had the proper dressings the case I can, it's one chance in ten thousand he'll survive the journey, and the one chance is his."

Pinto sprang to the black mare, and in less than half an hour had returned with a two-seated buggy.

"That's the very thing," said the surgeon, as he saw the vehicle coming. "The cushions of both seats were spread on the bottom, and on these a hospital mattress and some blankets were spread. Then the wounded man was placed, and then the surgeon deftly packed a dozen bandages with cotton under the shattered shoulders. Altogether about an hour was consumed before the badly wounded man could be moved.

"It's now 10 o'clock," said the surgeon, looking at his watch. "You ought to have him in his own bed by the middle of night. Jolt the horse on level ground, but bring it to him in the rough places. Do you know what I mean?"

"He hurts dat mare," young Kilpatrick declared, with an oath, "and he sure could command. I'll see him about it when I get well."

"I wish for de Lord you could git up an see me now! It would settle de hash in a minnit. 'Kase dey ain' no use er you gittin sick agin, kaze you ain' got no mo' blood."

Whereupon he climbed back into the buggy, looked back at the wounded man to see that everything was all right, and then gave the mare the word. The driver of the field animal had been broken to harness by Pinto himself, and he knew what to do. Pinto himself had the time of his life. He did so long for a spectacle as a woman. Plato had been a witness of the fight, and he was the first to discover her and the rattle of the buggy disturbed him. He looked back at the cloud of the road to the other, and went about his business—whatever it was—as if he had no time to waste. Pinto chafed at the delay. He gave a snort of satisfaction and settled down to work with a will. He was in dead earnest.

Plato knew every foot of the road, having often traveled it at night, and the wounded man was made easy when the wounded man was made easy when the wounded man was made easy when

ELISSA
THE DOOM OF ZIMBABWE
By H. RIDER HAGGARD

SYNOPSIS.

Prince Adal, grandson of King Solomon, has started out on a quest for the Golden Ophir, or City of Zimboe. Arriving there, he is fortunate enough to rescue the life of Elissa, daughter of King Umslopogaas, from the hands of a lion. Prince Adal has a powerful rival in a savage African ruler, King Ithobal, and when the latter is expelled, he threatens to destroy the city.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Say the king, then forever," he said. "The great king, the king to whom all the other kings of the earth are as the dust, who gods to feast, of the faint stars to be counted."

"Then and once more Zimbabwe," said Ithobal, shortly; "I say he greater than the other kings, but at least he is not so great as I think it."

"If the king says so, so let it be," replied Metem calmly, "and a woman yonder to the mean-minded, who, if she had been allowed to reach the city unmolested, as I bade her, would have found that the wizard Adal and his men were terrible fellows from Tyre," and he pointed to the two eunuchs, "taken at the fall of Jerusalem, which he had purchased and read the summons and description of the goods from his letter."

"What value do you set upon the whole of these goods?" asked Ithobal.

"To the traders of the country so much, but to the king, who is a conqueror, and will be named a sum twice that which he had paid in the city."

"So be it," said Ithobal indifferently, "I am content. Now, Metem, you have done well, prince is large; presently my treasurers shall pay you your due."

Then with a moment's pause and then Metem said:

"If the king will hear me, I would say a word, oh, king. If I might ask, why does Ithobal slay the Prince Adal?"

"Because he tried to do murder with his poisoned gifts, and failed, and died himself instead," answered Ithobal.

"And failed? Well, it must comfort you to think that he did not die by the hand of a member of your servants. It is strange how the gods will sometimes punish a wicked murderer but eight in the palace gardens, also with poisoned gifts, and who also failed, but so yet I cannot be sure that he did not succeed."

"What, exclaimed Ithobal, "was—"

"Ay, king, Prince Adal was not the only Lady Elissa took the means through her hands to be the bearers of life and death, as an doctoring her, and had it not been for her skill she would now not stand alive on the throne who shut the arrow."

"Then," said Ithobal, hesitating, "and I will pay you a doctor's fee of a hundred pieces of gold, Metem, for I see that you are the cleverest physician in all my realm."

Metem took out his tablets and wrote a note of the matter, and said:

"I thank you, king," he said, "I think that I am worth that fee, and more, and your name is mentioned if it, since it is the first time that I have been called in when the Prince Adal died was charged to attend a noble and royal lady."

Then Zulu-Zulu arrived in Zimboe, and the king, who had been informed of his coming, bade him be brought to his presence. "So you, Will the Prince Adal meet me in his stead, and with whatever message he may choose?"

"Lion, king, I know your regrets of all, that you love slavery, and will be mourn for him, but I am not sent to you from any infidels for. Now, if you can do so much as to listen to me, I will tell you my message."

"Speak, Zulu-Zulu, and I will see if I can do, I would even endure shame—that I might hear you."

"Power, words, Adal," the answered, "that I am sent to you by the Queen of Sheba, when the lamp of that throne, as come, is quenched, and that I am the last of her servants left alive. Now, king, I think you have heard a story of a certain princess of Sheba, who was called Elissa, and who died?"

Tell me, if you will, what was it that she suffered from?"

Before he could answer a sound of singing and of the beating of drums was heard in the east, and, looking through the casement, he saw a great company of people coming down the road that led from the city of Zimbabwe. At their head walked the priests of Baal-Peor, accompanied by many dignitaries of the city, and behind them a great band of musicians, advancing across the square before the palace of the king.

"Why, what is this?" he exclaimed, and then, as the meaning of the procession flashed upon him, he turned upon the wondering crowds of officers in their heads, ordered them to prepare to receive the king.

"Greeting to you, most noble lady, the citizens of Zimbabwe have met with one accord to-day, and have unanimously chosen you for their queen. Prayers we beseech you, to hear us and to accept the throne which we are sent to tell them."

"Is this a jest?" said Elissa. "Has Ithobal been murdered in his sleep?"

"Nay, lady, it is not of Ithobal that the messengers speak now."

"Then I cannot receive them," she said, "for I am a stranger here, and I am not skilled and weak, and I pray to be excused."

"Well, lady," answered the chief priest, "which they have to tell will save your excuse."

"Then," said Elissa, "let them speak, for words had left her like those appointed to be the last of the race of Sheba, who had been the dead Lady Sheila, followed by priests and priestesses of that ancient faith, at the whom was Metem, and many other leaders of the people.

Elissa looked at them with great, pressing herself before her, "all lady, Elissa, Queen of Sheba."

Elissa looked at them bewildered.

"Queen of Sheba! Who made me so and understand."

Then, rising from his knees, he who had been the Shadil, addressed her as spokesman:

"Lady, we have chosen you to be our queen, great thing that has befallen you. Know, it is the will of the Lord of Heaven, and of Sadhis, ruler of the heavens, the Sun-God, and of Astarte, mistress of earth, that they have set you in that high place which you have inherited from your mother, and by the spirit of the ancient throne by

LENTEN DIVERSIONS.

Competitive Tea Making, Perfume Parties and Dinner de Tete Are Fashionable Entertainments.

Necessity, as somebody has before remarked, is the mother of invention, and nothing more clearly proves the truth of this statement than the way women in this Lenten season are inventing schemes, and clever ones, too, for amusing themselves. Of course if you are genuinely penitent and a fairly faithful churchwoman, you can scarcely, until after April 10 revel in another matinee or listen your fill of operatic arias and duos, besides balls are out of the question and an eternal round of musicales, reading and lectures are geting to have a deadly flavor of sameness. In consequence, the women have got together, laid some capital plans and Lent this year is not exactly a period of penance and boredom.

A COMPETITION TEA PARTY.

First of all, and a strictly orthodox indulgence for even the most conscientious girls, is the tea-testing party. It is as simple but as amusing and profitable a way of employing an afternoon as the smart woman knows of. Your invitation to the tea-testing party arrives in the guise of a great sheet of Japanese rice paper, vaguely flowered all over with shadowy little tea houses, boughs of cherry blossoms, bouquets of chrysanthemums and hurrying 'rickshaws. It is folded long and narrow, sweetly scented, tied up with a scarlet silk thread, and the invitation set forth in pretty, formal Japanesque sentences. Naturally you accept, and on the afternoon named you find your hostess at home in a wadded, brocaded, gorgeous costume of a Japanese lady of noble birth, and her drawing room fragrant with expensive pots of flowering lilac, both white and purple, beds of tulips in tiled boxes and half a dozen small tables or more set about the room.

Every tiny table holds a tea equipage in true oriental fashion, a charming girl in Japanese dress presiding over each one, and supplied with a very business-like looking pad, pencil and small silver net purse. The charm of and whole excuse for such a party is in a measure to amuse and partly to swell the amount of some favorite church mission fund against the coming of Easter.

If you fall in with the true spirit of the entertainment you drop in an alms plate by the drawing room door, in place of your card, a crisp dollar bill. You can put in $10 if you choose, but one is the limit that allows you to enter the tea testing competition, receive at each a wee egg shell fine cup of tea, drink it and register on the pad what special brand of tea the drawing was made from.

You can have your tea served just as you like by the pretty girl in the brocaded kimono; when you have finished, she gives you the pad on which to register whether 'tis ceylon, oolong, young hyson, or what you have drunk of, and before you depart to tickle your palate at another table, one 10-cent piece must be dropped into the silver purse. This also goes into the mission found, and it also entitles you to a chance in the prize to be awarded to the woman who most correctly guesses the names of the largest majority of teas served in the room.

The prizes, of course, the hostess provides, and it is always some exquisite, enviable example of Japanese or Chinese art in silk, weaving, carving, embroidery or porcelain. All the while you sip your fragrant potation, gossip with the tea maiden or the guests, and admire the appearance of your hostess' fat English butler in the full regalia of a Chinese head servant; your hear quaint music stealing in through the portieres. It comes from the Japanese orchestra under palms in the hallway, a full band of dainty toned stringed instruments played by native musicians. From 4 to 7, of March afternoons, the tea tasting parties are in progress, and every one waits till the prize is awarded, the collection counted up, and the women drift away, their appetites quite spoiled for dinner by deep drinking, but their spirits and pockets the lighter for the diversion.

PERFUME PARTIES.

Equally successful experiments at expanding Easter offerings and whiling away long lenter evenings are made by giving perfume parties, another adaptation from the east. The perfume party gives an opportunity to satisfy the popular taste for wearing fancy dress, and it is a competition, like the masquerade dinners, in which men can and do take a prominent part. The whole idea of a perfume party is to burn or otherwise liberate various fragrant extracts and discover who can recognize and name the greatest number of them. The guests are expected to arrive in the guise of eastern dancing girls, Musmes, Rajpoot ladies, and the men in turbans, oriental sashes, slippers and a jeweled dagger or two, just to take from the rigid formality of the stiff evening dress.

Now, out in the east the test of a refined nose is the ability with which it can distinguish between dozens of different spices, pastiles, sirups and delicate powders slowly burned in a copper brazier or swung aloft in a jeweled and fretted temple censor. Out in Japan, China and India only the strictly native perfumes are used, but the clever American hostess goes a step farther. She first sends out her invitations on delicate scented paper, and when a perfume party is given all other odorous substances, save that to be exposed in the brazier, are expelled from her drawing-room. This means no flowers are used, and every one is expected to come without so much as a drop of cologne on their handkerchief. In the center of the drawing-room's parquetted koor a luxurious divan is placed, or a number of silk pillows heaped. Before the pillows sits a Benares brass perfume burner, and every guest, when ready to try their luck at identifying sweet odors, first propitiates a tall ivory goddess on a lovely teakwood shrine in one corner of the room by dropping a piece of silver into a platter at her feet.

In reality the goddess is only a quaint sham, for her devotees' offerings go to swell the funds of a babies' hospital. But no matter, this is part of the fun, so after piously offering to the ivory lady on the lotus flower, the guest has a square of soft red oriental silk tied about his or her eyes, and is then led to the cushions. Here it is the proper thing to sit Turk fashion, while from mysterious little boxes onto live coals in the brazier a few pellets are dropped. As a wreath of delicate blue smoke arises a great sniffing ensues, and the blindfolded person suggests a name for the rich aromatic or evanescent aroma that fills the air. Besides the eastern essences, spices are subjected to the heat, a bit of cambric moistened in a cologne or purely occidental extract from flowers, and every decision given by the blindfolded person carefully registered. At the end of the evening the tally is made up, and to the man or woman whose nose most faithful to the trust confided in it falls a prize of a gorgeous sachet, silver cologne jug or some other equally appropriate trophy.

DINNER DE TETE.

But the triumph in Lenter amusements of a wholly legitimate character is supposed to have been achieved by the woman who gave a fancy head dress dinner, and whose example is now imitated on every side. Her scheme was merely to create some excitement in the rather weary duty of formal dinner giving, so she privately requested every one of the fourteen guests, asked to her hospitable table, to appear in either historical or symbolical head [illegible] men and women sat down to table each exposing a head so fancifully, gracefully or grotesquely decorated that the butler all but fainted. The business was so easily accomplished and so charming were the results it is hardly to be wondered that anything like orthodox dinner dress has almost gone out of fashion.

The woman who drew the prize bouquet for the excellence of her decoration came as a dandy of 1812. Her pretty hair was frizzled, then topped by a vast white silk hat and a glass was screwed in her merry blue eye. Cleopatra was her closest rival, while the two young men who came, their heads dressed respectively to suggest Father Time and Poverty, fought good naturedly for a silver match safe until Father Time got it. At another dinner the reward was unanimously accorded to a smart young man who wore the peaceful white linen and black cloth of effete fin de siecle civilization, with the face and head of an Indian chief, war paint, feathers and all. Literally no pains are spared to perfect the makeup. Men will hastily cut off mustaches, to appear as Napoleon in a cocked hat, Caesar in a Roman helmet, Charles II. in curled wig, while the pretty girls wear nestling birds in their heads to simulate springtime, and one actually sat at a table in a halo of wriggling paper serpents, so ardent was her desire to arrive at some new effects as a gorgon.

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Settling the Bridegroom.

It takes a bright woman to rebuke another's woman's rudeness, a general statement borne out by the following story: A lady entered a railway train and took a seat in front of a newly-married couple. She was scarcely seated before they began to pass remarks about her. Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticised, with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have [illegible] stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy. She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom, and, in the smoothest of tones, said:

"Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window behind you?"

The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.

For Lenten Dinners.

An Ambuscade.

(Continued from page one.)

between root and blossom, there lies the active principle of quinine. Jack fell into a dead sleep, from which he was aroused by one of those remarkable events that could have occurred in no country but the American republic.

III.

When Plato started back to the house from the spring branch, where he had been chipping the red oak and dogwood bark, he was in such a hurry that he forgot his ax, and when he wanted it again a few hours afterward he hunted all over the yard for it until he suddenly remembered that he had left it where he had been chopping the bark. He started after it, but as he was going down the spring branch he heard a clatter in the road to the left, and, looking in that direction, saw two Federal cavalrymen galloping by.

"Ah-yi!" he exclaimed, as if by that means he could find vent for surprise, and slipped behind a tree. The day was raw and drizzly, and there was no movement on the plantation. The negroes were in their cabins, the horses were in their stable, the mules were standing quietly under the long shed in the lot, and even the sheep that were in the gin-house pasture were huddled together under shelter, nibbling at a pile of waste cotton seed. The riders were couriers, and Plato, observing them, saw that they did not pursue the road to the village, but turned off squarely to the right. For Sherman had already begun his famous march to the sea. He had begun it, indeed, before the little skirmish in which Jack Kilpatrick had been wounded, and, though Plato had no knowledge of the fact, he traveled with his young master for fifteen miles between the parallel lines of the advancing army. Slocum's corps being one of the lines and Howard's another.

Ignorant of this fact, Plato was very much surprised to see the Federals riding by.

"Dey er persuin' right on after us," he remarked aloud. "A little mo' an' dey'd 'a' cotch us, sho. An' dey may ketch us yit. Kaze Marse Jack can't hide out, an' I know mighty well I ain't gwine nowhar while Marse Jack got ter stay."

He turned back and went to the big house; but once there he remembered his ax and started after it again.

He found it where he had left it. He picked it up and flung it across his shoulder. As he raised his head he saw a big Federal soldier sitting on a horse fifty yards away watching him intently. "Name er Gawd!" he exclaimed. He stared at the soldier, undecided whether to run or whether to stand where he was. Then he saw the soldier beckoning to [illegible] hurrying forward.

"'Tis the name of the place I'm afther," said the soldier.

"Suh?" exclaimed Plato.

"Who lives in the house forninst us?"

"Ole Miss an' Miss Floe," replied the negro.

"Ah, to the divvil wit' ye!" exclaimed the old soldier, impatiently. "'Tis the name Oi'm axin' ye."

"Dis de Kilpatrick place, suh."

"Where's the wounded Johnny?"

"Who? Marse Jack?" inquired Plato, cautiously. "What make you ax dat? Marse Jack ain't never hurted you, is he?"

"Is he kilt intirely?" the soldier persisted, misled by the serious aspect of the negro's countenance.

"How you know he's been hurted?" Plato asked.

"I seen 'im whin the ball pasted 'im," replied the soldier, with a careless toss of his head. "Where've ye tuck 'im?"

"What you gwine to do wid 'im when you fin' 'im? You ain't gwine ter take 'im ter prison ner nothin' er dat kin', is you?"

"Listen at the gab av 'im!" exclaimed the soldier, impatiently. "Is the Johnny dead?"

"Who? Marse Jack? No, suh. He hurted mighty bad, but he ain't daid yit. Ain't you one er dem ar gentermens what I seed tradin' wid Marse Jack an' de yuthers out dar twix de camps?"

"Upon me soul, you're a long time makin' that out. Oi'm that same peddler."

Plato's honest face broadened into a grin.

"Marse Jack up dar at de house," he said, in a confidential tone. "Ef his min' done come back I speck he'd be mo' dan glad to see you. But I'm skeer'd ter kyar you up dar, kaze I dunner what ol' Miss, an' Miss Floe, an' mammy'll say."

"Trust me for that same," remarked the soldier. "Take me down this fince, will ye, an' tell 'em at the house that Private O'Halloran, av the sharpshooters has taken the liberty for to call on the lad."

The negro proceeded to make a gap in the worm fence, remarking as he did so:

"I be bless' ef I don't b'lieve dat ar nag what you er settin' on is Marse 'Lisha Perryman's saddle hoss."

"Like as not," said Private O'Halloran, calmly.

"Mon! won't he rip an' r'ar when he miss dat ar hoss? Ef 'twuz me, an' I had tooken dat ar hoss, I'd be gallopin' out'n de country by dis time. Kaze Marse 'Lisha is de mos' servigrous white man in deze parts. He mighty nigh ez servigrous ez ol' marster used to be in his primy days. I'm tellin' you de naked trufe, man!"

Private O'Halloran laughed by way of reply, as he rode through the gap Plato had made in the fence.

"Oi'll go up an' put me two eyes on 'im," said O'Halloran, as he turned his horse's head toward the house, "an' see the look av 'im be the time the twintieth army corps comes trudgin' by."

"Yassar," replied Plato, taking another critical view of the steed the big Irishman was riding. Then he laughed.

"What's the joke?" inquired O'Halloran.

"'Tain't no joke ef you'll hear my horn," said Plato. "I wuz des thinkin' how Marse 'Lisha Perryman gwine ter cut up when he fin' out his saddle hoss been rid off. I dunner whever he'll kill a Yankee er a nigger, or whever he'll go out an' shoot a steer. He the most servigrous man I ever see, an' he sho did like dat ar hoss. You er de onliest white man what been straddle un 'im ceppin' Marse 'Lisha. I ain't gwine ter be nowhairs 'roun' when he come huntin' dat hoss."

The horse evidently knew all about the Kilpatrick place, for he went directly to the hitching post and stopped. As the soldier dismounted Plato took the halter strap, dexterously fastened it to the ring in the post and promptly disappeared. He evidently had no idea of being made an interesting party in the scene that he supposed would take place when the big Irishman loomed up before the astonished gaze of his mistress and her daughter.

But the scene he anticipated did not occur. It is the unexpected that happens, and it happened in this instance. O'Halloran went to the door that Plato had indicated, removed his waterproof coat, shook off the shining rain mist and laid it on a convenient bench seat. Then he took off his hat, roached back his hair and knocked confidently at the door. He was quite a presentable figure as he stood there, considering all the circumstances. His look of expectation had a genial smile for its basis, and there was a large spark of humor glistening in his fine black eyes.

It chanced that Aunt Candace came to the door in response to the summons. She opened it wide with a frown on her face, but when she saw the Federal soldier looming up she threw up her hands with a loud cry.

"My Gawd! Dey got us! Dey got us!" Then recovering herself somewhat, she planted herself in the doorway. "G'way fum here! G'way fum here, I tell you! Dey ain't nobody on de place but wimmen an' childern, nohow! Go on off, man! Don't you hear me?"

"Aisy, aisy! Will ye be aisy, now?" said O'Halloran, when he could get in a word edgewise. "Where's the lady?"

"What you want wid her?" cried Aunt Candace. "G'way fum here!" She stood like a tiger at bay.

At that moment Mrs. Kilpatrick appeared in the hallway. The sight of the soldier in blue paralyzed all of her faculties except memory of the fact that her son lay wounded not forty feet away. Making a supreme effort at self-control, she stood before the big Irishman with white face and clasped hands. Something in her attitude touched the soldier. He bent low before her.

"No harm to you, mum, beggin' your pardon. Oi says to a nagur in passin', 'Whose iligant place is this?' 'The Kilpatrick place,' says he. 'Upon me soul,' says Oi, ''twill be no harm for to call in an' see the b'y.' How is he, mum?"

"Do you know my son?" Her voice was so harsh and strained that she hardly recognized it. The big Irishman had no need to answer. The door through which the lady had entered the hall was thrown open, and a weak voice called out:

"If that is O'Halloran, let him come in."

"'Tis that same," replied the Federal soldier with a smile. But he waited for the lady to lead the way, and then followed her. On the bed lay Jack Kilpatrick, and near the fireplace stood his sister Flora, statuesque and scornful. O'Halloran bowed to her as politely as he knew how, but her lip curled disdainfully, and an expression of perplexity crept into the smiling face of the Irishman; but this quickly changed to one of genuine pleasure when he caught sight of young Kilpatrick's face.

"Why, ye're as snug as a bug in a rug!" exclaimed O'Halloran, cheerily. "Which paw shall I squeeze? The lift? Well, 'tis nearest the gizzard. Ah! but 'twas a close shave ye had, me b'y. Oi seen ye comin' betwixt the lines, an' says Oi, 'Pwhat the divvle ails the lad?' 'Twas the very word Oi said. Oi seen ye roll in the saddle, an' thin Oi put me rifle to the shoulder. Says Oi, 'If the nag runs wild an' the lad falls an' his fut hangs, Oi'll fetch the craycher down.' But divvle a run—beggin' pardon of the ladies. An' so ye're here, me b'y, more worried than hurt!"

Jack Kilpatrick was really glad to see his friend, the enemy, and said so as heartily as he could. O'Halloran drew a chair by the bed, and, in the midst of his talk, which was as cheerful as he could make it, studied the young Confederate's condition. He made the wounded man fill his lungs with air several times, and placed his ear close to the expanding chest. Then he sat twirling his thumbs and looking at the bedquilt, which was home-made and of a curious pattern. Finally he turned to Mrs. Kilpatrick with a more serious air than he had yet displayed.

"He wants a surgeon, mum. 'Tis an aisy case wit' a surgeon standin' roun' [illegible] the nick av toime is like to do more good than forthy docthers at a funer'l."

"We can get no surgeon; that is out of the question," said the lady, curtly and positively.

Once more O'Halloran fell to studying the pattern of the quilt. He even went so far as to count the pieces in one of the figures. Flora and her mother resented this as a piece of impertinence, and moved restlessly about the room.

"That is what they call the broken stove lid," explained Jack, seeing the big Irishman's apparent interest in the quilt pattern.

"Now is that so?" said O'Halloran. "Upon me sowl it looks as if the whole chimley had toombled down on top av it. Faith! Oi have it!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. "Oi'll rope in the chap that drinched me the same as if Oi was a sick horse. 'Twill be somethin' trayminjous, upon me sowl! He's a bloomin' pill maker from western New Yorkruk."

The big Irishman paused and hugged himself with his Samson-like arms as he bent over with laughter.

"Bedad, 'twill be the joke of the day!" he exclaimed. "'Tis all laid out as plain as the nose on me face. D'ye mind this now, me b'y: 'Tis no Kilpatrick ye are, for ye've thried to kill me many's the odd time. Ye're from Hornellsville—mind that now; upon me sowl, 'tis the hub av the whole bloomin' business."

"Where's Hornellsville?" asked Jack.

"In Yorruk state, bedad. Ye're Cap'n Jarvis, av Hornellsville. Ye know the Finches an' the Purvises, but ye're too wake to argy till he fixes ye foine an' doses ye."

Mrs. Kilpatrick uttered a protest that would have been indignant, but for her apprehensions in regard to Jack.

"He's a darlin' of a surgeon, mum," explained O'Halloran. "'Tis a business he knows loike a book. Nayther is he bad lookin'. The loikes av 'im is hard for to come up wit' in the twintieth army corps—clane as a pache an' smilin' as a basket av chips. 'Twill be no harm to him for to fix an' dose ye. Two days av fixin' will put ye right, an' then he kin ketch his ridgmint."

"Scoop him up and fetch him in," said Jack, and to this the mother and daughter made no serious objection, bitter as their prejudices were.

Among his own belongings O'Halloran was carrying the haversack of his Captain, in which he knew there was a coat. This he took out, carried into the house and hung on the back of a chair near Jack's bed. Then he mounted his horse and rode to the big gate, where he knew the twentieth corps would shortly pass.

He was just in time, too, for a party of foragers was engaged in gathering up the horses, mules and cattle that were on the place. These he dispersed in a twinkling by explaining that the ladies of the house were engaged in caring for a Federal Captain, who had been compelled by his wounds to seek refuge there. This explanation O'Halloran made to all the would-be foragers who came that way, with the result that the stock on the place remained unmolested. In a little while the twentieth army corps began to march by, and many an acquaintance saluted the big Irishman as he sat serenely on his borrowed horse near the entrance to the wide avenue. The troops going by supposed as a matter of course that he had been stationed there.

(To be concluded next week.)

Alaska.

For a good map of Alaska, and the latest information giving mining laws, send two cents to F. H. Fogarty, Gen'l Agent Nor. Pac. Ry., 208 Clark St., Chicago, or C. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Nor. Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Do not put hot water or any kind of water upon woolens that have had liquid grease spilled upon them. First sprinkle buckwheat or rye flour over the place and let it absorb the grease, brush off the flour, and apply then fresh flour until all the grease is absorbed.

Prof. Herrin, the Hypnotist, guarantees the success of his pupils. See ad. page 2.

The supreme court of Georgia has decided that when a man reaches 66 the term age can be truthfully applied to him. No limit has been fixed as to women.

Next week, "Black Davy, or The Secret of Red Earth Claim," by the famous John R. Musick.

A hundred years ago native oysters were sold in England at the price of a penny for five.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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AT TAYLOR COLLEGE.

Wife of President Wright Thankful to

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

At Taylor college, Upland, Indiana, one of the buildings, "The Maria Wright Hall," bears the name of its donor on the corner stone. Maria Wright is the wife of Rev. John R. Wright, the president of the college, as well as president of the "National Association of Local Preachers," a familiar name, especially to Methodists, all over the country.

If anyone has known the luxury of doing good the beloved wife and co-worker of the president of Taylor college has enjoyed her share. In the same helpful spirit with which she has helped many a poor struggling student by something more substantial than good advice, Mrs. Wright writes to the proprietors of Paine's celery compound hoping someone may be benefited by Paine's celery compound, as her letter shows that she has been:

Washington, D. C., May 24, 1897.
1337 10th St., N. W.

Wells, Richardson Co.:

Dear Sirs—I find your Paine's celery compound of much benefit as a tonic. Since taking it I feel stronger. I take pleasure in recommending it. Respectfully,

Mrs. H. Maria Wright.

Every person who has ever taken Paine's celery compound has observed how soon it regulates the bowels and clears the whites of the eyes of that yellow jaundiced look. Another witness of its invigorating capacity that may escape the notice of persons not accustomed to ordinarily employing this test is its effect on the pulse. Observe the firm, regular, full pulse that was before uncertain, fluttering and feeble.

The great susceptibility of women to worry is heightened by the fact that she leads a more confined, monotonous life, narrowed down to the four walls of home the greater part of the day. Paine's celery compound is just what such nervous, depressed persons need to restore their nerves to energy and to lift them out of their constipated, dyspeptic habit of body.

Paine's celery compound counteracts the exhausting strain of work by its strong inducement to the delicate tissues to take more food. It plainly induces the nerves and brain to feed themselves more liberally and has thus saved countless men and women from chronic neuralgia, rheumatism, sleeplessness and failing mental power.

No remedy has been discovered so rich in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents as Paine's celery compound.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Largest Toy.

A Baltimore man has determined that the United States shall own the biggest toy in creation. He is making this toy for his own pleasure, and it occupies one end of the parlor. He has a large plateau, on which are windmill, castle, railroad equipped with two trains, a log cabin, and a cottage. In the plain below are an artesian well, a farmhouse with a pump by it, a Ferris wheel, chutes having a lake at the bottom, windmill, church, prison, swings, and band-stand. In the plain is a large lake, on which boats will ply. The windmill, Ferris wheel, trains, pumps, etc., will all work, having their attaches, as it were, performing the labor. The boat club-house and grist mill will be pleasing features. A miller is seen raising barrels of flour by a pulley. The power will be supplied by a three water-motors concealed under the toy.

Fat Folks.

I am a trained nurse; 7 years ago I reduced 40 pounds by a harmless remedy; have not regained; have nothing to sell; enclose stamp and I will tell you how it was done. MRS. J. B. TOPPING, 351 Amsterdam avenue, New York, N. Y.

Real Timid.

Mistress—Mary, have you got a policeman in the kitchen?

Servant—Yes, mum. Hever since that last thunderstorm I've bin so nervous that I can't a-bear to be in the 'ouse without a policeman.

People who are fond of sea bathing in summer should know that in winter a most effective and yet simple substitute for sea water is a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water, and added to the bath. A warm salt bath of this kind is the most refreshing tonic for an exhausted body. But don't go out of doors after taking it; just before going to bed is the time.

An Old-Time Gold Hunt.

One hundred and seventy-seven years before Klondike first invited the foolhardy to riches and death in Alaska, the Hudson Bay company directed one of its servants, Mr. James Knight, to sail from Gravesend, with the Albany frigate and the Discovery, "in order to discover gold and other valuable commodities to the northward of Ainan's Straits."

Mr. Knight, a man eighty years of age, accordingly prepared a large number of iron-bound chests to hold the gold, and sailed away into the silent north.

Half a century later certain boats on the look-out for whales rowed into a hitherto unknown harbor in Marble island, a jumble of hills and rocks without stick or stump, three degrees south of the Arctic circle. At the head of it on the grass, were lying a number of cannon, a smith's anvil and the remains of a house, and beneath the water, five fathoms down, they saw the bottom of two ships. An aged Esquimaux with a tawny, lozenge-shaped face, told how they come there. When still a lad he saw two damaged ships come sailing into that desolate harbor, just as the ice was thickening. Fifty men came on shore, and built a house and laid a cemetery. A year later there were thirty graves in the cemetery and the ships and the iron-bound chests lay at the bottom of the sea. Sickness and hunger went on claiming victim after victim in spite of the kindly help of the Esquimaux, who from time to time supplied the sailors and miners with seal's flesh and whale blubber and train oil until they had to strike their deer-skin tents and go home to their warm snow-huts for the winter. When the ice melted they came back to find forty-five graves and five starving Englishmen. A meal of raw seal's flesh was promptly offered and greedily eaten with the result that three of the five died. The remaining two lived on many days and climbed wearily, morning after morning to the top of a high rock near by and "looked earnestly to the south as if in expectation of some vessels coming to their relief, then descending, sat close to one another and wept bitterly." At length, the weaker of the two died. His companion, the smith to the expedition took a spade and tried to dig the forty-ninth grave, but he was too weak and fell down beside the corpse of his friend and there died.

Self Home Treatment for Ladies.

I will send free, with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement and all female troubles, to all ladies sending address. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. Mrs. Summers, Box B. W., Notre Dame, Ind.

Not What He Seemed to Be.

"My poor man, I have nothing for you. Why don't you—"

"Poor nothin'! I've got dollars to your cents! I'm just back from the Klondike, and I'm lookin' for my sister. Are you the slim legged little whipper snapper she married?"—Chicago Tribune.

Women Made Beautiful

By Vestro. It will develop the bust six inches, adds grace and beauty to the neck. It is harmless and never fails. It will add charm and attraction to any woman. Send 2c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials sealed. Aurum Medicine Co. Dept. H-A, 55 State St., Chicago.

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Next week, "Black Davy; or, The Secret of Red Earth Claim."

A man always says "Hello" when called to the telephone, but before he has talked five minutes he reverses it.

One of the magnates in New York has decided that a man can't be rich and not a luxury. Greater New York is still expanding.

A clever Cleveland girl claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual life and offers to sell it for a dollar. We guess she wants to secure the information covered in order to tell it in confidence to some woman.

A new serial by John R. Musick will start next week. It is a splendid story of the gold rush to the Klondike. It tells of lawless mining days, and is by far the best story Musick has written. It is called "The Pearl of the Pacific," etc., etc., but you know the rest.

The Chinese are said to possess extraordinary secrets in the matter of condiments. Perhaps they have discovered the secret of making substitute various before which the genuine article will disappear, as they freshen in the color of ancient coin.

An Arkansaw editor explains his position as follows: "Our aim—Tell the truth though it scorches the columns of our paper—Of the people, for the people, to be paid for in advance—Subscription 50c. Issue—October, with a bullet in hell for delinquent subscribers—Terms cash. Take all in sight and rustle for more. Our Friends—Are few but they are the best. Intimations our enemies. If thine enemy smite thee on the cheek, meet him at once in haste and dexterity at the butt of the most convenient gun. Also a complete line —Cow country, one flag, and one willow at a time. Motto—To live in peace and Oriental splendor."

A Connecticut young man had a favor conferred upon him at a coolin the other day, and he wasn't particular about it. When the moment came for a favor to be given him his young lady friend looked hard and presented him with the only girl he had. "Now, you must take care of her," she said, "she is yours." "Heaven silver!" snapped the young man, "can I run them true?" And then this "only girl," whose name was Lucy, was astonished to had asked a month ago, straightway rose on one leg for her back and the dance went on with a rush.

A New York man who chanced to travel west in a car with William Gilbert and his wife was much surprised to discover that the clever actor is more entertaining off duty, and that he possessed those sitting nearby with absurd comments on the scenery and country and when the party got out at a station for a moment's refreshment the man chanced to have a piece next Gillett. The outing was not a success and the visit was short, as the accommodating maid who served behind the counter refused to handling the actor his piece of pie, pointed to it and declared that she would "eat it or take it with him." Well, now, come to think of it," said Gilbert, "I don't remember that I ever ate it first and then take it with me."

When anybody calls at the register's office at the Missouri University at Columbia, and asks for Cary Snyder that official asks in return, "Are you Mr. Boscoily this couple, who are just sixteen years old, were enrolled at the university this week. Mr. Snyder is the boy. Mr. Snyder's elder brother, himself a student there of several years' standing, brought Cary Snyder in the son of a wealthy capitalist of Kansas City. The two boys were escorted and were married immediately. Their parents were horrified when they received enough scheming to go through life without consulting them, and the professors they seemed destined to occupy, so it was natural to be annoyed when it came to college. As soon as they returned from a brief bridal tour their matriculation papers were sent to Prexie Bush, of the State University. He was struck with the similarity of the names Cary and Cherie Snyder, but when he learned that the two were man and wife and each sixteen years old he was astounded. They are both doing well at their studies. Mother is in the college town with them at a quiet boarding house near the campus.

TO THE MAID I LOVE.

The maid I loved, and still shall love,
What song of mine her praises may render?
Of song could any, she stands above,
Beyond all words, being dear and tender.
Perfect in form, in face and mind,
Fair as the morn, but far less fickle;
Sweet as the lovely months that lie
Between the summer solstice and the stable.
Oh, were my verse like breezes she
That fan her forgive, and bear her scent her—
Oh, were my hope like flowers to lie
Beneath her path, to die for glory—
Oh, were my cure a silver lyre
To sing her praises, and my ear glory—
My tongue could not be more sung and tuned
But not been now so ended sorry.

—Detroit Free Press Weekly.

AN HOUR IN HADES.

How a Divorce Was Averted—The Story of Two Letters.

BY W. G. C.

For many minutes Pretty Watson had sat motionless at his desk, in the cozy, cheerful office of the Hon. Jeremiah Hall, and, with a look of blank, staring dumbness at the shabby-written letter which had been handed to him. He had read and reread it until every word of it was seared on his brain. It seemed too horrible, too monstrous to be true, and yet there was the signature of Mary Watson, his wife, to which a condensed murderer listens to the sentence of death. Pretty Watson was a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, so he read those already familiar words with a sense of unreality.

"My Dear Husband—It would seem cruel for me to write you these few words, for the last time I shall call you my husband, but I feel that it is only right for when you read these words the sadness which must come to you will be the heavy no further meaning for us, as I shall be dead. I have taken poison, and by the time you receive this I shall be out of the sight of the beings who alone had the power to make life worth the while for me.

"A starving rat, in its desperation, will turn upon its master, and perhaps a woman—humiliating for love—will rebel at the hand that has fed her, sometimes stings of a hundred is sweeter than all the love of one. I have been the rat, and you the master. I have starved you, perhaps with but heart starves. I did not love you when I married you, and I do not possess no longer any share in your life, and I will not live to be a burden.

"I have borne it in silence as long as I can. I have felt the bitter irksome fact that I was the heiress which kept you from me, and I have suffered to bring me to this step.

"I have no reproaches to make of you. If in the first rush of your blind infatuation for me you had told me you loved and unappreciated wife, but at the same time that you could not live with her and me, I would have thanked you most heartily for your honesty, and would have done all in my power to make it easy for you. Love was sweet to me, and I would have given you up to the one you alone can bring happiness. I would have done it, and I would have done it gladly, but you let me live on in the belief that you loved me, and I gave you my heart, my life, my all. I have no reproaches to make of you, but I have to ask you to forgive me for the step I am about to take, and to believe that I am not a coward, but that I am driven to it by the knowledge that I am a burden to you, and that I am standing between you and happiness.

"Forgive me, and

SYNOPSIS.

Gaston Moore, an aged violinist, has a young daughter, Ida, and a nephew, Harry, the latter the young secretary of Sir Arthur Gerrish. By an accidental error, the fortune him to be the banker, Vans Van Dyck, the secretary, is in turn lured by Theodore Chrysostom, a moral young lush girl. Stricken with paralysis, Moore dies, and Harry, who is left to be the guardian of his birth, the fact that he is the eldest son of an English lord, falsely accused of his father's murder, and Ida stands her to recover her rights after his death. After his death she receives a ribbon documents to prove her claims, but Harry secures them from her, and she is afterwards called to England to claim the throne title false. In despair she decides to adjust the stage as a profession, and, accordingly, goes with Hepsy, her old nurse, to New Orleans.

In New Orleans Scarron an engagement with Mr. Hepsy, a young gentleman of fortune, is introduced by a young gentleman, Sir. Reginald Neville, who also secretes her with his attentions. By means of a trick he decays to use in isolated house, there to force her to marry him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Vans staggers to her feet, and, gathering back her tossed hair, stands with her eyes fixed on his face.

"Go on!" she says bitterly, in a choking voice, "and, when you have done, tell me you hope to explain your outrageous conduct, Sir Reginald."

He draws a little nearer her.

"I love you," he says in a low tone, "and I have made up my mind to make you my wife—let you think."

"You speak like a stage hero, in a third-rate melodrama," she returns contemptuously; "surely, you know better than to use such language to me! I would not be your house, Sir Temple. Hepsy will be terribly frightened, and I know she cannot bear to breaks off, with an imperious gesture. He is standing with his back against the door, and she sees that there is no key in the lock, no avoid encounter should she attempt to door is locked and the key in his pocket, now.

"See here, Vans, Miss Moore," as she makes a gesture of disdain, "we may well understand each other. I have invited you to my house, and you have come. It is the usual bulk acquiring violinist and prima reality; an English lady of rank and fortune. I intend to marry you, and share that fortune and honor."

Without a word, she walks to the door, and tries her hand upon the knob, yes, it is locked, and the key is not there. She turns, and faces him again, with a contemptuous smile, a heavy battered shutter, through which the sunlight streams, and, with a sudden movement, she lifts up the sill, finding which she had been looking at for some time, and leaps out on the sand-heap below.

"Stop!" he says, in a voice of command, "I will not be fooled in this way!" and he descends in a more leisurely fashion by the door.

"Now, I am going home to Hepsy," she says, "and I shall be glad to consent to marry you, Sir Reginald, if you will promise to leave me when I return. I will promise to treat you as a lady, with all respect and honor, but I never leave this house, this room, until you have promised to make me your wife. Promise to marry me, Vans, and give me the key, and I will go home."

He has his hand upon her arm as she speaks, and holds his hated face close to her own. His face is somewhat pale, and there is a curious look in his eyes.

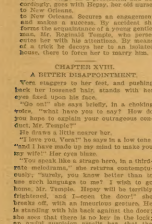
Vans's brain seems to turn to filthy circles; her heart beats violently; bright lights dance before her eyes, and a sense suddenly endowed with courage, wonderful; she feels that she must escape from him, or rather die in his arms, and hatred drives all touch here.

"Kiss back!" she cries; but he only draws nearer.

"You are cruel!" he says in a thick, strange voice. His face is flushed to a purple hue, and his eyes are bloodshot; there is something very repulsive in the glaring expression.

"Coward!" she breathes in a low, hissing voice. "Don't dare to touch me!"

And then she remembers the little dagger which Hepsy has insisted that she shall wear in her bosom, and, with a sudden gesture she tears open her dress, and draws it forth. But just then, with a curious gurgling laugh, Lord Arthur Reginald Neville Temple lurches forward and falls heavily to the floor. Vans has had drops administered to her stay; she stoops and peers into the face of her fallen foe. He is breathing heavily, his face all flushed to a dull purple hue; she touches him once, that he has



"YOUNG LADY I SHALL ——— TO TAKE YOU IN CHARGE."

been overcome by the liquor he has been lowering over his like a dark cloud, for many years; she cloud has burst about his head now, and he is engulfed in utter darkness.

"He kept the key!" panta Vans.

His dress soon her knees beside the senseless body, and overcoming her repugnance, she feels in his pockets with her hands. No, she does not find it. In vain she searches everywhere, every nook and corner of the room, which does not contain many articles of furniture, but no trace of the missing key.

What an awful predicament! To be shut up alone in that room, with this man, perhaps dying! There is something awful in the rigid body lying at her feet; in the bloated purple face, and the glassy, half closed eyes. The sound of the heavy breathing seems to fill the room, and to Vans's distracted fancy goes to the door and beats upon it with clenched fists. She shouts and calls for help, but she might as well shriek to the ocean, and, with a sob-back, windward pleas, herself the cry. The dreadful pathos, silent, sweet, and terrible, seems to overwhelm her, and she throws herself on the insensible form. No one comes, no one seems to hear, the fearful misery of Vans rests upon the house.

Outside, the morning has dawned, and the usual bustle and traffic is begun. Down by the river people are miles away. Hepsy does not know where she is, and as the long, solitary hours pass, she grows more and more alarmed. Vans does not leave her heart, and seems to threaten her reason.

This very day Vans Van Dyck arrives in town. So far, he has been successful in his search for his lost friend. Vans is only one of western town. But, he finds that she has left Scarron's house, and, in company with Hepsy, has gone to the parts unknown. The manager with whom she left Vans's address, and the man who gives Vans the information, and he adds that Vans has left no address, and that Vans's face grows pale.

He has had a short interview with Sir Reginald Neville, and has come to the conclusion that he was a liar. Sir Reginald has left town, and Vans Van Dyck is left to himself. He is a rich man, his search will be a costly one, but he is a man who is a lover nobody, are two such wildly different characters that the certain of success in his quest.

He has no clue, indeed, and his red face looks more perplexed than ever, when Hepsy Scarron's address is given him by the manager.

Vans looks the contempt he feels, but he does not show it, and listens to the account of them could follows in sufficient ease and more threatening, as they crowd upon her memory, and she feels that she is doomed. Then arises the dreadful beginning of a fearful melee. It is nearly midday, and the house is awake, and the boarders is gathered around the saloon door when Vans Van Dyck arrives. Immediately a rumor which has been construed into a fight, and the door is burst open by the crowd.

A rough and tumble battle follows, Vans, Van Dyck, Scarron, Hepsy, and the police proceed to defend his own life, or sell it dearly. Vans Van Dyck is struck down from his grasp; his arms are pinioned behind him, and he is dragged out of the room by a rough little mountebank, who, however, is body is stranger tightly by the throat, and he is dragged out of the room by a rough little mountebank, who, however, is body is stranger tightly by the throat, and he is dragged out of the room by a rough little mountebank, who, however, is body is stranger tightly by the throat, and he, and it is off like the wind.

Vane stands like a statue, prepared to sell his life dearly.

Vans is left alone, and, with a sigh of relief, she locks the door, and sinks down on the ground. Vans continues to stand, as if stunned by the fact of the question of time, before he has managed to collect his senses.

He cannot stand, he is too weak and faint, and he sinks down on the floor, and leans his head against the wall, and closes his eyes. At last he staggers to his feet, and, with a sudden movement, he lifts up the sill and leaps out on the sand-heap below.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOST CHILD.

Morning dawns; the sun rises, and the heat is intense. The sand is like fire to the bare hard, and unable to move. The sun shines down upon her head, and she feels that she must die. Her head aches, her throat is parched, and her body is one fiery pain. She is delirious, and starts up with a cry of defiance. No; a merciful unconsciousness overtakes her in an attempt than submit to defeat; and to the last she will struggle for her life.

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"Poor old fellow!" she cries; but he only draws nearer.

"You are cruel!" he says in a thick, strange voice. His face is flushed to a purple hue, and his eyes are bloodshot; there is something very repulsive in the glaring expression.

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Get More and You Get Less

Why is it every sarsaparilla which tries to sell itself, ranges itself against Ayer's as the standard? Why is it that all have to offer extra inducements—like Rocky bottles, fancy wrappers, cheaper price—anything, everything, but the one inducement of quality?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has never been equaled by any cheap imitation of it, and quality tells, just as blood tells.

It Is the Standard.

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than twenty-five years, and have never had anything but words of praise from my customers; yet a single complaint has reached me. A physician prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla to maintain such a reputation as it has obtained, and I do not believe that he has ever been introduced to the public. It has a far greater manufacturer say that this is 'as good as Ayer's,' but no one ever will insist upon having it, if he can get any other kind. They always get Ayer's or no standard of excellence."—J. F. BOYER, Duluth, Minn.

sage-brush, as he passes along; and breaking him into bits, has dropped them here and there, by no means in a straight line.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gilman, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day in my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with pain in my left side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use for three months, took Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I can truly say that I owe you my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 215 Fleitherry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the doctors called Ovarian Dropsy, inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly, I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anybody, but got no relief until I got a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can truly say that following your advice I am now perfectly well."

Mrs. W. B. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in my womb and bearing down pains. Friends want to know what makes me look so well. I tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

Hepsy alights from the vehicle, and stands staring up at the grim looking building, with a hospitable look about it, and a kindly expression.

Who can tell what secrets they conceal?

"Come, Miss Hepsy, and the sheriff will show you the way," says Vans, with his melodious voice, which is always well habited.

"Vans!" shouts Hepsy, with a voice that resounds through the building and arouses all the echoes.

"Vans, Vans!"

"Miss Hepsy!" It sounds like a faint "Hallah!" in the distance, and Hepsy, recomposed, Hepsy mounts the stairs, calling Vans's name at the top of her voice. Yes, there is an answer, here, on the right. Vans knows that she is coming.

With a single bound Hepsy seizes the door handle, and, with a cry of delight, Vans flies to answer her, if she is there. The door is locked, and the key is not in the lock.

"Vans! Vans!" shouts Hepsy once more, "Vans, Vans!" and, "Hepsy! Hepsy, my child!" cries the sweet, familiar voice. "It's shocking! Oh, Hepsy, I am shut up in the lock flings open the door, and Hepsy rushes in, and, for a moment, the two women are locked in each other's arms. Reginald Temple!

With a shudder Vans flies to Hepsy's arms, and her head upon the motherly bosom, and sobs and cries with the relief of her at sight of the dear old soul.

"Oh, Hepsy, Hepsy!" she says, with a sob, and then she lifts up her head, and, in a faint, faintly, feeble voice, tells her that blood is poisoned, and that she must not hesitate to look at, hair once, set and stare. Her limbs are quivering.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" says Hepsy, "I've got to do mine as well's other folks, I suppose."

"My child!" Never thing the words into her head, and, with a sudden gesture she tears open her dress and draws it forth. But just then, with a curious gurgling laugh, Lord Arthur Reginald Neville Temple lurches forward and falls heavily to the floor. Vans has had drops administered to her stay; she stoops and peers into the face of her fallen foe. He is breathing heavily, his face all flushed to a dull purple hue; she touches him once, that he has been overcome by the liquor he has been lowering over his like a dark cloud, for many years; the cloud has burst about his head now, and he is engulfed in utter darkness.

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What an awful predicament! To be shut up alone in that room, with this man, perhaps dying! There is something awful in the rigid body lying at her feet; in the bloated purple face, and the glassy, half closed eyes. The sound of the heavy breathing seems to fill the room, and to Vans's distracted fancy goes to the door and beats upon it with clenched fists. She shouts and calls for help, but she might as well shriek to the ocean, and, with a sob-back, windward pleas, herself the cry. The dreadful pathos, silent, sweet, and terrible, seems to overwhelm her, and she throws herself on the insensible form. No one comes, no one seems to hear, the fearful misery of Vans rests upon the house.

Outside, the morning has dawned, and the usual bustle and traffic is begun. Down by the river people are miles away. Hepsy does not know where she is, and as the long, solitary hours pass, she grows more and more alarmed. Vans does not leave her heart, and seems to threaten her reason.

This very day Vans Van Dyck arrives in town. So far, he has been successful in his search for his lost friend. Vans is only one of western town. But, he finds that she has left Scarron's house, and, in company with Hepsy, has gone to parts unknown. The manager with whom she left Vans's address, and the man who gives Vans the information, and he adds that Vans has left no address, and that Vans's face grows pale.

He has had a short interview with Sir Reginald Neville, and has come to the conclusion that he was a liar. Sir Reginald has left town, and Vans Van Dyck is left to himself. He is a rich man, his search will be a costly one, but he is a man who is a lover nobody, are two such wildly different characters that the certain of success in his quest.

He has no clue, indeed, and his red face looks more perplexed than ever, when Hepsy Scarron's address is given him by the manager.

Vans looks the contempt he feels, but he does not show it, and listens to the account of them could follows in sufficient ease and more threatening, as they crowd upon her memory, and she feels that she is doomed. Then arises the dreadful beginning of a fearful melee. It is nearly midday, and the house is awake, and the boarders is gathered around the saloon door when Vans Van Dyck arrives. Immediately a rumor which has been construed into a fight, and the door is burst open by the crowd.

A rough and tumble battle follows, Vans, Van Dyck, Scarron, Hepsy, and the police proceed to defend his own life, or sell it dearly. Vans Van Dyck is struck down from his grasp; his arms are pinioned behind him, and he is dragged out of the room by a rough little mountebank, who, however, is body is stranger tightly by the throat, and he is dragged out of the room by a rough little mountebank, who, however, is body is stranger tightly by the throat, and he, and it is off like the wind.

Vane stands like a statue, prepared to sell his life dearly.

Vans is left alone, and, with a sigh of relief, she locks the door, and sinks down on the ground. Vans continues to stand, as if stunned by the fact of the question of time, before he has managed to collect his senses.

He cannot stand, he is too weak and faint, and he sinks down on the floor, and leans his head against the wall, and closes his eyes. At last he staggers to his feet, and, with a sudden movement, he lifts up the sill and leaps out on the sand-heap below.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOST CHILD.

Morning dawns; the sun rises, and the heat is intense. The sand is like fire to the bare hard, and unable to move. The sun shines down upon her head, and she feels that she must die. Her head aches, her throat is parched, and her body is one fiery pain. She is delirious, and starts up with a cry of defiance. No; a merciful unconsciousness overtakes her in an attempt than submit to defeat; and to the last she will struggle for her life.

In this she nearly, nothing loses, and at last she falls back upon the sand, and lies there for hours. After that she has no power for his life. It is later to start out on his search for Vans, and he is not aware that it is hours since he has eaten anything; but he is able to do that food, and it is not the season of the year, but he knows that he is in the midst of the terrible Simoon's warning. Vans remembers this fact, and, with a sudden sense of relief, he can even fancy the cold wind tearing over that burning desert, and bringing with it a merciful protecting the little darling, and carrying him in the heart. He goes over to where the horse is lying. Poor creature! it is not able to move, for its ear is broken, it stared into Vans's face with eyes full of dumb anguish, and the young man's tenderness is touched.

"Poor old fellow!" she cries pitifully; "if I only had drops or water I would put you out of your misery."

But he has nothing, not even a penknife, and he can only stand by him, and this is what he does. Only a long, hour stretch of time, and the horse lies still and dead, and of course goes trying to lead on to its feet, and the poor animal is not able to move. Vans, after proceeding down ground upon him, and seeming to shut him in,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LION'S HEAD.

How the Kindness of Fidello to the Boy Spy Was Rewarded—A Story of Old Venice.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

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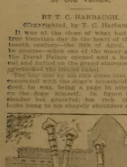
It was a clear, cold night when I had been a free Venetian day in the heart of the fourteenth century. The moon was full, and it lit the piazza—when one of the many gates of the Ducal Palace stood open—as bright as day. Out and beyond on the grand staircase which descended to the water's edge.

Within the palace all was dark and silent, as consistent with the dignity of the household as the dead. In the whole of the vast building on the days passed in the sunlight there was no more solemn place than the long hall which connected with the state apartments of the Doge himself. In figure he was exceedingly tall and slender, with a slight stoop of head and shoulders and lay



Third as the father boy was he soon fell asleep and a dream of a day's sport with Fidello soon to his last duties for the night. He would be awakened in the morning by a return from the council, and while he waited he would play with the lion's head on the door.

The dogs came back with disturbed countenances, and seeing Fidello sleeping in his chair, he looked at him a moment and then went on. The father would be awakened by the bell south to the porter's amusement.

THE LION'S HEAD DOOR.

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First it, as his fear was waste, but on form was a cold chill of dread which he had added to the glories of Venice, even for the night.

But there was about him that night a look of determination which boded ill to one of a conspiracy against the republic had he been directed against the Doge himself, but never directed against the Ducal palace itself.

Fidello was by when he awoke and wondered why the door had not returned. He was not surprised, however, for the porter was sometimes late in returning.

"Why are you not at your post, sir?" he demanded, and Fidello, startled, sprang to his feet, saluted, and said, hastily, "Pardon, Signor, I fell asleep."

"WHO ART THOU, BOY?" ASKED THE PAGE.

on his velvet collar as lightly as flakes of snow.

His features were strongly cast and the lofty brow which topped with gray hood, and in the last hour was to be seen.

He listened at the door of the huge scheme, but could hear nothing save the measured tone of a sleeping man.

Then he turned back, and with the same stealthy tread he had used before he himself gently down beside Andrelo; but no sooner did he reach the floor than he stopped and stared at the bed.

The couch was empty! but the father boy's jacket lay where he had cast it while his dagger was not to be seen.

"Where is the boy?" he cried Fidello. "Surely I left him asleep in this chair. Where is he? He does not know the labyrinths of the Ducal palace. What if the guards should find him among the shadows of the corridors? They would make short work of Andrelo and the boy would never see his father again."

He fled from the room and passing a sentinel at the door, asked him if the boy had not been given to run of the opened a door which was always kept unlocked, and led to the underground apartments of the palace and then to the river.

IN THE LION ROOM.

Vainly did Fidello search the winding caves of the dark palace of the dukes. He looked everywhere for his guard, now and then stopping long enough to listen in the dark corridors in which he dared not speak aloud for fear of being heard by some of the guards who watched that part of the doge's stronghold.

"He can't be in the dungeons," said the boy to himself. "But there is no telling where the boy may be gone."

He found his way to one of the strangest rooms in the grand palace and opened a door which led into a large apartment. In the center was a huge lion's head, above all things he loved Venice, the flood of the Adriatic, his home and his affections.

The stern personality of the traitor doge did not appeal to him, and he was ambitious.

"The boy knows, and the boy must tell," rang out once more into the vaults of the dungeons.

Fidello cast one glance at the old man in the hands of his tormentors.

He saw that Faliere, the doge, no longer had a friend in him, but that he was far away, as if ashamed to look him in the eye.

Then he turned, and with a heart that was broken he turned and fled upon the boy. Fidello knew also; he was a sister boy and loved the doge, and he saw now that he had been in the watchers' pay and that he was against his master.

"Strip the boy of his rank," thundered the duke on the throne. "He shall forfeit the badge of the Falieri if he persists in his obstinacy."

A heavy hand now fell upon the boy and Fidello was forced to his knees, and then commanded to rob him of the rank of page.

"You a sit not touch the doge's page," he exclaimed.

Fidello recalled words, cry and threat the assault a form and between Fidello and the guard.

It was the figure of Andrello, the father's friend.

The embarrassed Venetian boy straightened himself up, and with a look of defiance on his stern face he waved the soldier back.

"You shall not touch the doge's page," he exclaimed. "Fidello is my friend, and I have saved you all against the old man yonder, and I will not have you touch him. You shall not touch him to rob him of the ribbons his master has given him. Stand back, or I will strike!"

"Strike, boy?" asked the man and looked at Andrelo.

"Your son?" I am your son?" answered Andrelo. "Fidello is my friend, and what he has given him I entered the grand palace. Stand back, I say, or I will strike!"

Andrelo had found the boy's knife, and the moment he touched the floor the guards closed, shutting off the light of the hall and dazed the doge's page.

Then the heavy footsteps of the father boy to the dark as he pulled the door and the sound of the key in the lock.

Andrelo went back to the room of the apartments and threw himself upon the bed, where he remained for many hours.

All at once the noise of feet smote the ears of the two boys.

Fidello who never heard such sounds at that hour of the night, sat up in bed and ran to the door.

At the same time he touched the knob he felt a dozen soldiers in the hall, armed with swords drawn covered the room.

"Down with the dogs!" they cried as the terrified boys fell back. "Fallen all and down to the republic! Death to him and his accomplice!"

The words flashed on the ears of the boy and the frenzied soldiers rushed them. Andrelo against Fidello's knife, and the band of Andrelo pushed them back, and the two sister boys climbed the window and escaped the weapons.

"We don't want the page. We are here for you, Andrelo, the traitor," was the cry.

"Traitor!" answered Andrelo, "the quick me, but I am no traitor. I am the friend of Fidello, whom he has betrayed."

Striking away both, then, and a voice from the other end of the corridor, and as the boys escaped out they were confronted by a lot of halberds and were marched to the great audience chamber in the center of the palace.

The face of the great chamber was in the center of the room, and the faces of the people assembled therein, and now the doge in chains standing at the foot of the ducal throne.

"Fidello," was the voice of a man who stood on the ducal throne rang out above the heads of the people, "you have done well, but you have done ill."

"Signor," was the voice of a man who stood on the ducal throne rang out above the heads of the people, "you have done well, but you have done ill."

"What aren't thou about the master's head?" asked the boy, as he looked at them. "Thou hast seen them to the palace of the night. If thou hast not, I will."

Little Fidello, thus called upon to betray his friend, was silent for a moment.

FIDELLO REFUSES TO SPEAK.

He had seen strange things about the walls of the grand palace. He had seen men in the dead of night, and he had seen them in the morning. He had seen with a passport, which served of passage to the dungeons, and he had seen dark shadows pass in the doge's private apartments, had waiting for him to go to sleep, and he had seen him again, and had followed them back to the dungeons, and he had seen them no more, and they had vanished among the secret water ways.

This could have but one meaning in the mind of the boy, and that was treason against the state. Fidello could be a traitor to Venice, there could be but one side to all these doings, and little Fidello, in the presence of the heartless enemies of the conspirator, knew that his words would doom the kindhearted old man who he loved.

"Fidello," was the voice His father had taught him to look upon treason as the vilest of all that was wicked and unjust, "Fidello, thou hast been a traitor to the state, and thou hast been a traitor to the state, and thou hast been a traitor to the state, and

$100,000 DIAMOND ROBBERY; OR, The Great Beacon Street Mystery.

By SCOTT CAMPBELL.

SYNOPSIS.

On her bridal eve, Amy Loone, a beautiful Boston heiress, mysteriously disappears. It is simultaneously discovered that $100,000 worth of diamonds and wedding presents are missing. Vinor Hodrick finds a fragment of a cigarette lying on the window sill, and a letter dropped by Amy in her flight, stating that she was running away. Olga Hendrick, a handsome model who posed formerly for the bridegroom is suspected of complicity in the abduction and robbery. Mother Loone offers a reward of $5,000 for the apprehension of the miscreants. It develops that the robbers were assisted by Olga; that a secret entrance can be found. Melville hates Miss Hedrick and still believes her innocent. Discovers that she pays secret visits to a house in Cambridge, and suspects he has found the criminals there. Gustave Bruno, a detective, is put on the case. Later, he leaves to take Olga to his room, and it is known that she assisted him in the robbery, but no trace of Amy can be found. Melville finds Olga's father in prison, convicted of the murder of a man. On seeing a sketch of Prague he swears that he is the one accused of the murder.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Melville entered the reception room, and, as he had expected, his abrupt summons speedily brought Vinor into his presence.

"Ah, Melville," he cried entering with unrestrained hand and eager eyes, "your face tells me you bring news!"

"Great news!" said Melville, quickly closing the door. "Sit down; I want to talk to you."

Vinor, with countenance lighted by awakened hope, readily complied, and the reporter dropped into opposite chair.

"I wish to tell you a story, Vinor," said he, in his impressively earnest way; "but before I start it I must have you assurance."

"And that?"

"That your friendship for me will be equal to waiting for me until I return, no matter how long a time I may be absent, and that you will be willing to accept my services as I see best to render them."

"You have suffering so much, Melville, quickly closing the door. "Sit down; I want to talk to you."

Vinor, with countenance lighted by awakened hope, readily complied, and the reporter dropped into opposite chair.

"I wish to tell you a story, Vinor," said he, in his impressively earnest way; "but before I start it I must have you assurance."

"And that?"

"That your friendship for me will be equal to waiting for me until I return, no matter how long a time I may be absent, and that you will be willing to accept my services as I see best to render them."

"Great news!" said

THE TREASURE DIVERS.

A Strange Adventure in the South Seas—A Million in Gold Saved by Pluck.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

(Copyright by Cutcliffe Hyne.)

I fancy the two divers must have been in it from the very first, and, indeed, I've a strong notion the whole idea to steal the treasure was in the beginning theirs, and not the skipper's at all. I've a fancy, too, the idea that Moe Bradbury came to me on business even after we sailed from Liverpool; and if one may hazard a guess, it was because Willis Cameron, the diver with the black hair, fell in love with her and let out the secret. However, I didn't arrive at any of this for a long time, and I was content enough like the business of the moment outside chance, it's my belief the three of them would have walked off with the gold, and the salvage company would never have seen so much as the bare color of it.

Of course it was a condescension for a man of my position to take on a little craft less than three hundred tons burden, but the offering might pound a shilling, which was the same as the second engineer got, and I'll not deny I was in a manner forced into taking the first berth that offered. I'd been sold off from my last ship in Liverpool, and I'd met friends who were in Hillingford, where the navy father had been Free Kirk minister, and I'd been in a bit of a mess with drink on his account, and friends here and there would still give me the option, but it took all the money I had to pay square with them.

I might even admit, too, that the business of the diving had more than a touch of thrill. She was off treasure-fishing to the Canister Islands, and the Canister Islands were the property of the P. & C. Consols Insular Association, and the work for her engineers promised to be more than usually hot. I looked down channel, through the bay and down to the spot where the Consols' yacht, the Corinth had been sunk. And there we should swing at anchor, I thought, for the best part of a month, with the diving apparatus and the long bandied fires in case an onshore breeze should make it unsafe to come in, but as a general thing there would be no watches for me until we got clear of the land and the sun.

"It'll be the softest job you've rumbled since you left the navy, Mr. Hyne," I said to myself the old man when he was in a good humor, and he was quite a family chip. "There's a lot of fishing to be done, and the men together—mates, engineers, divers and passengers—will be company for you at all the table and at the other."

"Passengers?" I thought this was a salvage job?"

"So it is, sir, and just for a cruise; a Mr. Willis Cameron and a Mr. Moe Bradbury, of Southsea. Of course the Gleaner hasn't got a passenger cabin, Mr. Hyne, and you have to sign articles like the rest of us to get to windward of the law, but as a favor I will be steward-cook, and Mr. Kent can take his meals with the men."

She got her hand upon my arm and I looked down at the fingers. They were fat and podgy, and the nails were bitten down to the dip.

"Mr. Hyne, dear pardon, Mr. McTodd, for being so inattentive, I'm afraid my thoughts were wandering. I was looking at the fine old Dutch ship, the Gleaner, and I was thinking of the days when she was a Dutch treasure-ship. Those were the days for sailing, sir, when the ships were built of teak and the sailors were of the same wood. There was no help for it, then, but to be honest, for the ship's timbers would have rotted through if they had been scuttled about recklessly for one port to another, as they are now, and as they will be now, and so ugly ships had to be built, like the Gleaner, and go down to ply to the Indies."

The Captain had other business on ashore than to listen to me, and presently he left me, started and had dragged our Mercury pilot out of his bed, and I was left to myself to think about the work ahead for anyone who was to be in charge of the diving apparatus. Also, the three passengers who were to be aboard during the treasure-diving was "no trifle."

For myself, when I thought of them (and I'm not ashamed to confess it) I felt a chill in the stomach and the want and the cold wash of the sea about me. I'm not a man who worries greatly, but I'm a man who has a fair share of the ordinary sense, and I knew that there would be trouble with Moe Bradbury. He was a writer that everyone who reads has yet had a hand at, and I'd had a dozen thirty-two years in Hillingford before I became a lecturer of sins.

I cannot say either that Miss Bradbury was a person to whom one would write a book. She'd been to a boarding-school and was being boring a home as you could pick it up in Hillingford, which is a dull little street, Glaister, Head & Son, solicitors, and when she wanted up in the morning she'd be when she wanted up in the morning she'd be when she wanted up in the morning she'd be